

WHEN BOB'S AWAY AT SCHOOL.

Oh, dear delightful season, all
Too rare and far too brief!
Sweet time when silence soft doth fall
As falls the floating leaf!
Tis hushed in with slum of gate
And out with flying stool,
And quietude doth rule in state
When Bob's away at school.

Upon the porch the tabby cat
With blinking eyes doth doze,
In tranquil dreams forgetting that
Her life's a round of woes,
And tower, stretched upon the grass,
In visions of the pool,
Forgets to bark at feet which pass
While Bob's away at school.

What blessed charm enfolds the home
Throughout that season rare!
Each buzzing fly and chirping mouse
Sleeps sound within its lair,
The elms beside the garden gate,
So freshly green and cool,
Bare sit their giant limbs sedate
When Bob's away at school.

But all too soon it fades away,
"Hi, Tower!" she hark,
Puss leaps the fence, a dash of gray,
Tower just a yellow blur!
Bang! goes the door. In runs the lad!
And yet the chap's a fool
Who'd not be just a little glad
When Bob comes home from school!
—Richard Stillman Powell in Puck.

Her Sister's Secret.

It Was Kept by a Girl
of Fortteen.

By Owen Oliver.

I had vowed never to enter the Dormers' house again, but when they sent word that Maisie was dying I went there as fast as a hansom would carry me. We had always been such friends, the child and I.

She was propped up in bed with pillows, and her pretty face was pale and drawn, but she smiled when she saw me. I took her wasted hand in mine and kissed her cheek.

"I was sure you would come," she said in a faint, pleased voice.

"Of course," I answered, "of course, my dear child." She was only 14.

"There is no quarrel between you and me." We had remained good friends when the rest of the family cut me dead.

"We never have quarreled," she said, holding my hand tightly. "There is not much time to quarrel now. You won't, will you, Fred?" I shook my head. A lump in my throat kept me from speaking. "Promise me before I tell you—something."

"My poor little Maisie!" I cried brokenly. "I promise." She had been a pet of mine from the days when she was a toddling baby and I a big, awkward boy.

"It is very secret," she stated in a slow, far-off voice. "My dear, it is only for Fred." Her mother shook up the pillows and left us alone, but Maisie seemed unable to make up her mind to speak.

"You know I would do anything for you, little girl," I said soothingly. Her eyes brightened, and she nodded, but the smile died gradually away.

"Turn me over a little," she entreated, "and pull the corner of the pillow over my face. I can't tell you if you look at me." So I turned her very gently, but she still said nothing.

"Well, May?" I asked.

"You used to be fond of me?"

"I am fond of you. I shall never have any one to replace you, dear."

"Suppose I had done something dreadful—something that hurt you?"

"I should know that you could not help it."

"Something mean?" Her voice almost broke.

"You couldn't."

"Ah, but suppose I had?"

"Then," I said firmly, "I should know it was just a slip, like we all make—like I make sometimes. I should not blame you, little one." I stroked her long, silky hair and thought how I should miss her. I had never fully realized before how very fond I was of my fanciful little friend.

"Will you promise to forgive me, dear Fred?" she asked pleadingly.

"If there is anything to forgive."

"There is."

"Then, whatever it is, I forgive you. So you need not tell me now."

"I must," she said resolutely. "It is about you and Lucy—when you quarreled."

"Yes?" Lucy was her elder sister. We had been engaged.

"You wrote her an explanation—a satisfactory explanation."

"Apparently she did not think so. She never answered the letter that I gave you to deliver."

"She never had it," said Maisie, with a sob.

"Maisie!"

"I—I kept it. I wrote her face in the pillow. I was too astonished for words, but I kept stroking her hair. I read it first. Then I burned it."

"But—why?"

"Because I was a coward," she sobbed—"because I—oh, Fred, forgive me! Don't despise me more than you can help." A light flashed into my mind. I bent over her and kissed her cheek.

"My little Maisie!" I said tenderly. "My poor, loving, little girl! You cared so much as that for me?"

"I thought, perhaps, if you didn't marry Lucy, and we were good friends, and I grew up—oh, Fred, I shan't grow up now!" I put my arms round her and held her close to me.

"If you get well, May," I said, "and grow up, I shall like you better than anybody." She laughed faintly. "I believe I always did." I wiped her eyes.

"I shan't," she said. "So—you will like her again, now, won't you?"

I hesitated. My affection for Lucy died a natural death. It had never been very deep. Neither, I fancied, had hers for me.

"Time will prove," I said slowly. "I doubt if she—"

"She does," said Maisie.

"Has she told you so?"

"Yes."

I frowned. "You have not told her—about the letter?" She shook her head.

"Then I never will. It is useless your asking me to do so."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

"I do not ask you to. I am not brave."

I was, when I heard something about you which gave me an excuse to quarrel."

"It was false, as I told you in the letter."

"As you told me in the letter. Therefore I did not answer the letter or tell my parents, but let the blame rest on you." She shivered.

"Do not trouble about it any more."

"I said, not unkindly. 'The bitterness is over now.'"

"Yes," she said. "It is over. I refused him after all. You do not ask me why. Perhaps you do not wish to know?"

I shook my head.

"I do not wish to know." She nodded to the fire. "But I forgive you, Lucy."

She nodded again. "There was nothing more to say, since I could not say what she wished. So I turned to go. But there was a knock at the front door and I heard some one say 'The doctor.'"

So I waited to hear what he pronounced.

After a few minutes he came down the stairs talking to Mrs. Dormer.

"It is a natural sleep," he said. "The pulse is steeper and the temperature more normal. The odds are still against her, but there is hope."

The tears came to my eyes at last and Lucy came and put her hand on my shoulder.

"You can win her back to life, Fred," she said. "Our little girl. Stay till she wakes." I had already resolved to stay.

I went up stairs and sat with my elbow on her bed and my face on my hand, watching my little favorite. Presently her mother came and knelt beside me.

"Lucy has told me all, Fred," she whispered. "You will not tell the others?"

"I will not," I promised.

When my little girl awoke she was not looking toward me.

"Better, dear?" asked her mother.

"Why, yes," she laughed feebly. "It must be Fred. I don't know. I believe he would make me well if he were often here."

"He will be," I said. "I am happy and I will be what I know and other things."

For her and me. They are the things that won her back to life, she says, when we talk of such matters.

We do not talk of them very often, for Maisie is young and shy and still at school. But her people understand and leave us alone together, and now and then our thoughts peep out. I remember that they did so upon the night of Lucy's wedding, for she married the "better match," after all. Maisie came to see me out of course, and helped me into my coat and tried laughingly to shake me, and I put my arm around her and kissed her several times, instead of the usual once, and not quite in the usual brotherly way.

"There will be another wedding one day," I said. "Won't there, little sweetheart?"

She buried her head on my shoulder and whispered "I hope so."

Meanwhile people speak of me as a confirmed bachelor, and laugh when I tell them that I am waiting for "Miss Right" to grow.

But "Miss Right" is 16 now, and done growing, and wears her hair up and her dresses long and our good nights are steadily growing lengthier and less fraternal. Dear little Maisie!—Chicago Herald.

How Field Apologized.

While in a peculiar mood one day the late Stephen J. Field severely reprimanded Page Henry McCall for an offense of which the page was innocent. But the member of the highest court in the land could not be persuaded that his course was not the correct one. McCall left humiliated, but he was a little gentleman and held his peace.

Later in the day Justice Field sent for McCall.

"Come to my house at 7 o'clock this evening," was all he said.

With mingled feelings of doubt and despair the page called at the Field residence at the time specified, was ushered into the jurist's library and told to hold the books which Mr. Field began, without explanation or ceremony, to take from the shelves.

When the veteran lawyer had pulled about 15 volumes in to Page McCall's arms, he gruffly remarked:

"Henry, I'm very sorry for the way I treated you today. I realize that my conduct was unwarranted, and I beg your pardon. Here are some choice books. Keep them as a nucleus for your library. Keep them, young man, and—keep your temper, too, whatever you do! Good night!"—Exchange.

A Test Response.

A certain doctor had occasion, when only a beginner in the medical profession, to attend a trial as a witness. The opposing counsel, in cross examining the young physician, made several sarcastic remarks, doubting the ability of so young a man to understand his business.

Finally he asked, "Do you know the symptoms of concussion of the brain?"

"I do," replied the doctor.

"Well," continued the attorney, "suppose my learned friend, Mr. Baging, and myself were to bang our heads together—should we get concussion of the brain?"

"Your learned friend, Mr. Baging, might," said the doctor.

Training Canaries.

In the canary breeding establishments of Germany only the male birds are valued, because the females never sing. The method of training the birds to sing is to put them in a room where there is an automatic whistle, which they all strive to imitate. The breeder listens to the efforts of the birds and picks out the most apt pupils, which are then placed in another room for further instruction. These are the best singers and ultimately fetch high prices.—Berlin Correspondence.

AN ANGEL UNAWARES.

Suppose for every act of love and duty.

An angel in the path of life should lay.

A lovely rose of sweet perfume and beauty—

Ah, even then how bare would be the way!

Suppose for every kindly word unspoken,

For every fault which careless hands had done,

For every resolution made and broken,

A thorn beneath our erring feet had grown—

Ah, then the way would be one stretch of anguish,

With only here and there a flower to cheer;

Our feet would falter and our spirits languish,

And life would be a burden hard to bear.

But seldom are we outwardly rewarded.

According to the deeds which we have done,

"The pure in heart" are by the world discarded,

The wicked harvest where the good have sown.

And yet to every heart in darkness hidden

There comes an angel, whom we cannot see,

Who strives to keep us from the paths forbidden

And in the narrow way where faith may be.

His name is Conscience, and he brings us roses—

Sweet roses, borrowed from the brow of peace—

Or thorns on which remorseful thought reposes,

Regrets whose sharp tormentings never cease.

Then let us strive temptation's storm to weather;

Let every thought and every deed improve

Till Conscience finds no cruel thorns to gather,

But crowns the soul with joy and peace and love.

—T. Russell Sheldon in Richmond Religious Her-

ald.

Polly at the Phone.

One West Madison street druggist

lost a customer through his fondness for

pets. He has a large green parrot, and

the cage is hung near the telephone,

with the result that Polly has become

quite proficient in "phonetalk" and

furnishes much amusement to the cus-

tomers who have the time to stop and

listen.

The other day a stylishly dressed

young lady came rustling into the store

and asked permission to use the phone.

The druggist pointed to the rear of the

store, and she started in that direction.

The store was rather dark, and when

she heard some one apparently talking

into the receiver she seated herself on a

chair to wait.

"Hello, central—hello, hello—yes,

give me four—double-eight express. Yes,

hello; who is that? Oh, yes; what, yes;

hello, I say; no, I didn't get that; is

that so? Well, goodbye; ring off. Hello,

central; hello, hello; give me"—and so

on and so on through several repetitions.

Then she rose and advanced with a

stately air to the clerk and asked if he

thought "that person" intended to use

the telephone all day.

"Why, that's only the parrot," he

said. "But the front door had slammed be-

fore he could finish his sentence."—Chi-

cago News.

Wanted to See That Foot.

On the principle that to some persons

even old stories are new, this one, of

the royal princelings of England, is